

MOGG THE BRUNETTE'S

62

G A R L A N D,

CONTAINING SEVERAL EXCELLENT

NEW SONGS.

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Licensed and entered according to Order.

# *Mogg the Brunette's Garland*

## MOGG THE BRUNETTE.

**Y**OUNG Jockey he courted sweet Mogg the Brunette,  
With lips like carnations, and eyes black as jet,  
He coax'd and he wheedl'd and talk'd with his eyes,  
And look'd as all lovers do wonderful wise.  
Then he swore like a Lord, that her charms he ador'd,  
That she'd soon put an end to his sufferings implor'd,  
For a heart unawares thus his trammels he set,  
And soon made a conquest of Mogg the Brunette.

They saddled their dobbies, and rode to the fair,  
Still kissing and fondling until they came there;  
They call'd at the Church, and in wedlock were join'd,  
And Jockey was happy for Moggy was kind.  
'Twas now honey moon, time expired too soon,  
They revell'd in pleasure night, morning and noon,  
He call'd her his charmer, his joy, and his pet,  
And the lasses all envy'd sweet Mogg the Brunette.

But when they return'd, they return'd most unkind,  
For Jockey rode on, and left Moggy behind;  
Surpriz'd at this usage, she call'd to her mate,  
Why, Jockey, you've alter'd most strangely of late;  
Come on fool, he cry'd, thou now art my bride,  
And when folks are wed they lay fooling aside;  
Hard names and foul words were the best she could get,  
Strange usage this sure for sweet Mogg the Brunette.

He took home poor Moggy new conduct to learn;  
She brush'd up the house, while he thatch'd the old barn,  
They laid in a stock for the cares that ensue,  
And now live as man and wife usually do,

as their humour excite, they kiss and they fight;  
 'Twixt kindness and feuds pass the morn, noon, & night,  
 To his sorrow he finds that his match he has met,  
 And wishes the Devil had Mogg the Brunette.

## AS SURE AS A GUN.

SAYS Colin to Phillis, I've a thought in my head,

I know a young damsel, I'm dying to wed;

I know, &c.

To please you, quoth she, and when e'er it is done,  
 You'll quarrel and you'll part again, as sure as a Gun.

As sure, &c.

And so when you're married, poor amorous Wight,  
 You'll bill it, and coo it, from morning till night;  
 But trust me, good Colin, you'll find it but fun,  
 For by and by you'll fight and scratch, as sure as a Gun.

But should she prove fond of her own dearest love,  
 And you be as soft and as smooth as her glove;

Let be she a saint, and chaste as a nun,

You're fasten'd to her apron strings, as sure as Gun.

Suppose it was you, then, said he with a leer,

You would not serve me so, I'm certain my dear;

In short she reply'd, I will answer for none,

But do as other women do, as sure as a gun.

Then Phillis your hand and let's e'en try our fate,

Fear no such danger, if you'll be my mate;

Content then says Phillis, but you'll be undone,

You'll meet with sweets and bitters too, as sure as a Gun.

As sure, &c.

## THE BANKS OF BANNA.

**S**HEPHERDS I have lost my love,  
 Have you seen my Anna,  
 Pride of every shady grove,  
 Upon the Banks of Banna.

I for her my home forsook,  
 Near yon misty mountain;  
 Left my flock, my pipe and crook,  
 Greenwood shade and fountain.

Never shall I see them more,  
 Until her returning,  
 All the joys of life are o'er,  
 Gladness chang'd to mourning.

Whither is my charmer flown,  
 Shepherds, tell me whither?  
 Ah, wo is me! perhaps she's gone,  
 For ever and for ever.

Could I but regain the prize,  
 And secure my Anna,  
 Joys triumphant then should rise,  
 Upon the Banks of Banna.

Then amongst the festive throng,  
 All in raptures glowing,  
 Should pass round the sprightly song,  
 With bumpers full and flowing.

As I was returning home,  
 There I met my Anna,  
 With joys I clasp'd her round the waist,  
 Upon the Banks of Banna.

## THE BIRKS OF INVERMAY.

**T**HE smiling morn, the breathing spring,  
 Invite the tuneful birds to sing,  
 And while they warble from the spray,  
 Love melts the universal lay.  
 Let us, Amanda, timely wife,  
 Like them improve the hour that flies,  
 And in soft raptures waste the day  
 Among the Birks of Invermay.

For soon the winter of the year,  
 And age, life's winter, will appear,  
 At this the living bloom will fade,  
 As that will strip the verdant shade:  
 Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,  
 The feather'd songsters are no more,  
 And when they droop, and we decay,  
 Adieu the Birks of Invermay.

The lav'ricks now and lintwhites sing,  
 The rocks around with echoes ring,  
 The mavis and the black-bird vie,  
 In tuneful strains to glad the day.  
 The woods now wear their summer suits,  
 To mirth all nature now invites:  
 Let us be blythsome, then and gay,  
 Among the Birks of Invermay.

Behold the hills and vales around,  
 With lowing herds and flocks abound,  
 The wanton kids and frisking lambs,  
 Gambol a dance about their dams:

The

The busy bees with humming noise,  
 And all the reptile kind rejoice;  
 Let us like them, then sing and play,  
 About the Birks of Invermay.

Hark how the waters as they fall,  
 Loudly my love to gladness call;  
 The wanton waves sport in the beams,  
 And fishes play throughout the streams;  
 The circling sun does not advance,  
 And all the planets round him dance;  
 Let us as jovial be as they,  
 Among the Birks of Invermay.

### THE SPINNING WHEEL.

**O**NE summer's eve as Nancy fair  
 Sat spinning in the shed,  
 The soaring sky-larks shook the air,  
 With warbling o'er her head:

In softest coos the pigeons woo'd,  
 Love's impulse all must feel,  
 She sung, but still her work pursu'd,  
 And turn'd her spinning wheel.

While thus I work with rock and reel,  
 So life by time is spun:  
 And as goes round my spinning wheel,  
 This world goes up and down;

Some

Some rich to day, to-morrow low,  
 Whilst I no changes feel,  
 But get my bread by sweat of brow,  
 And turn my spinning wheel.

From me let men and women too,  
 This home-spun lesson learn,—  
 Ne'er mind what other people do,  
 But eat the bread they earn :

If none were fed, was that to be,  
 But who deserv'd a meal,  
 Some ladies then, as well as me,  
 Might turn their spinning wheel.

The rural toast in sweetest tone,  
 Thus sung her witless strain,  
 When o'er the lawn limp'd gammar Joan,  
 And brought home Nancy's swain :

"Come cry'd the dame, Nan here's thy spouse,  
 Away throw rock and reel :"  
 Blythe Nancy at the bonny news,  
 O'er-set her spinning wheel.

### COME ROUSE BROTHER SPORTSMAN.

COME rouse brother sportsman the Hunters  
 all cry,  
 We've got a strong scent and a favourite sky ;  
 The horn's sprightly notes, & the larks early song,  
 Will chide the dull sportsman for sleeping so long.  
 Bright

Bright Phoebus has shewn us the glimpse of his  
face,

Peeps in at our windows and calls us to chace;  
He soon will be up, for his dawn wears away,  
And makes the fields blush at the beams of his ray

Young Molly may tease you perhaps to lie  
down,

And if you refuse her perhaps she may frown;  
But tell her that love must to hunting give place  
For as well as her charms there are charms in the  
chace.

Look yonder! look yonder! old reynard I spy  
At his brush nimbly follow brisk, chanter and fly  
They've seiz'd on their prey—see his eyeballs the  
roll,

We're in at the death, now let's home to the bow

There we'll fill up our glasses and toast to the  
King,

From a bumper fresh loyalty ever will spring;  
To George peace and glory may heaven dispense  
And fox hunting flourish a thousand years hence

FINIS.